Glo. Tuſh, that was in the rage:
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
That hand which for thy Loue did kill thy loue,
Shall for thy loue kill a farre truer loue,
To both their deaths thou ſhalt be acceſſarie.
La. I would I knew thy heart.
Glo. Tis figured in my tongue.
La. I feare me both are falſe.
Glo. Then neuer man was true.
La. Well, well, put vp your ſword.
Glo. Say then my peace is made.
La. That ſhall you know hereafter.
Glo. But I ſhall liue in hope.
La. All men I hope liue ſo.
Glo. Vouchſafe to weare this ring.
La. To take is not to giue. (ger,
Glo. Look how this ring incompaſſeth thy fin-
Euen ſo thy breaſt incloſeth my poore heart.
Were both of them, for both of them are thine:
And if thy poore ſuppliant may
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doeſt confirme his happineſſe for euer:
La. What is it?
Glo. That it would pleaſe thee leaue theſe ſad deſignes
To him that hath more cauſe to be a mourner,
And preſently repaire to Crosbie place,
Where after I haue ſolemnely enterred
At Chertſie Monaſterie this noble King,
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with all expedient dutie ſee you:
For diuers vnknowne reaſons, I beſeech you
Graunt me this boone.
La. With all my heart, & much it ioyes me too,
To ſee you are become ſo penitent;
Treſſill and Bartley, goe along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
La. Tis more then you deſerue:
But ſince you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue ſaid farewell alreadie. *Exit.*

Glo.

Glo. Sirs, take vp the corſe.
Ser. Towards Chertſie noble Lord?
Glo. No: to White Fryers: there attend my comming.
Was euer woman in this humor woed? *Exeunt. Manet Glo.*
Was euer woman in this humour wonne?
Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.
What I that kild her husband & her father,
To take her in her hearts extreameſt heate:
With curſes in her mouth, teares in her eyes,
The bleeding witneſſe of her hatred by:
Hauing God, her conſcience, and theſe barres againſt mee,
And I nothing to backe my ſute withall
But the plaine Diuell and diſſembling lookes,
And yet to win her all the world to nothing. Hah?
Hath ſhe forgot alreadie that braue Prince
Edward, her Lord, whom I ſome three months ſince
Stabd in my angry mood at Tewxbury?
A ſweeter and a louelier gentleman,
Framd in the prodigalitie of nature:
Yong, valiant, wiſe, and no doubt right royall,
The ſpacious world cannot againe affoord.
And will ſhee yet debaſe her eyes on me,
That cropt the golden prime of this ſweete Prince,
And made her widdow to a woefull bed?
On me, whoſe all not equals Edwards moity,
On me that halt, and am vnſhapen thus?
My dukedome to a beggerly denier,
I do miſtake my perſon all this while.
Vpon my life ſhe finds, although I cannot
My ſelfe, to be a maruailous proper man.
Ile be at charges for a Looking-glaſſe,
And entertaine ſome ſcore or two of tailors
To ſtudie faſhions to adore my bodie,
Since I am crept in fauour with my ſelfe,
I will maintaine it with a little coſt.
But firſt Ile turne you fellow in his graue,
And then returne lamenting to my loue.
Shine out faire ſunne, till I haue bought a glaſſe,
That I may ſee my ſhadow as I paſſe. *Exit.*

Enter